A FAMOUS CUBAN BANDIT

A DARE DEVIL CAREER ENDED BY A BULLET.

A Waterbury Physician's Sketch of Manuel Garcia, Whose Crimes Were Numerous—A Desperado's End.

When Dr. Axtelle and Jean Jacques, of Waterbury, were at Matanzas, Garcia, the famous Cuban bandit who could give points to Bill Cook, was shot and killed near a neighboring village. Dr. Axtelle became greatly interested in the career of the remarkable fellow and he has prepared the appended very interesting sketch:

On February 25th Manuel Garcia was shot by one of his comrades in the mountains near the village of Seborucal, which is not far from Matanzas.

He was about thirty-two years old at the time of his death and had lived the life of a bandit for the last ten years, carrying terror into all parts of Cuba, both city and country. Any one was liable to be selected as his victim and all dreaded him.

As a boy he lived in the village of Quivican, about twenty miles from Havana, with his mother and younger brother Vicente, who were both honest and industrious. From a boy, however, Manuel manifested a strong tendency to thieving of a sly and petty kind, so much so that the Cubans applied to him the name "cautrero," which means a petty or mean thief. His crimes at that time consisted of stealing a pig, chicken, old horse, etc., and selling them in order to get money, for which he always manifested a great fondness. This continued for about two years, when he stole and sold a horse, for which he was arrested by the civil guard (guarda civil).

Just here it is necessary to define the meaning of the term, civil guard. They are the best men picked from the ranks of the military on account of their honesty and efficiency, and their function is to perform police duty in the interior. Two or three civil guards arrested him for stealing and selling the horse, and on the way to prison he made himself so agreeable that he succeeded in putting them off their guard, when he suddenly snatched the sword from one, killing him and wounding the other. He then, with one companion, fled to the mountains and for the first time commenced the career of a bandit.

For the first year his depredations consisted of robbing on the highway and stealing. He made no pretentions to secrecy, but would boldly ride up to a farm house, order them to get him something to eat, change his jaded horse for the best he could find, take anything else he wanted and ride away. During this year his mother and brother Vicente were greatly annoyed and insulted both by neighbors and the civil guard by frequently reminded that one was the mother and the other the brother of a bandit robber. They inflicted various kinds of punishment on Vicente in order to extort from him information of the whereabouts of his brother. On one occasion they were unusually severe and he became so much incensed that he fought with them, wounding one or two. After this he fled to his brother and joined him as a bandit. They were later joined by a large mulatto, Plasencia, and a man named La Muerte, and still later by one other, making six in all. His party never, until very recently, as my story will tell later, consisted of more than one or two more than this. They now, for the first time, commenced to kidnap, and to levy tributes and ransoms.

He named himself "King of the Cuban Country" and defied the authorities. As many as seventy-five hundred of the regular army troops have been after him at the same time, but he never was taken. Their rendezvous was always in mountains and swamps, where they could not safely be followed, and they almost always avoided the main highways so that they might not encounter the guard. For arms they used the best of Winchester rifles, revolvers and a kind of knife called "machete."

Their manner of levying tribute was this: Garcia would write a letter to his victim, telling him that if a certain sum of money were not paid to him by a certain time, he would either be kidnapped or his buildings or canefields burned. He also instructed the man that if he acceded to his demand he should reply by a letter sent to a place named, where his messenger would find a man carrying a rooster, or one with a red handkerchief around his neck, or one who tipped his hat twice, etc., and to the man answering the particular description in any case the letter was to be given.

If the person agreed in his letter to pay the sum named, then he sent him another letter instructing him to deposit the money in a certain hollow tree or any other place he might name, but never received it in person.

He never fully trusted any of his party but his brother Vicente. He and Vicente never slept with the remainder of the gang, but always slept at least a mile distant, no one of the party knowing where they were and one of them always standing on guard while the other slept.

Early in his career as a bandit he adopted Rosario Vazquez of his native town, Quivican, as his mistress, and she acted as a spy and informer for him ever since. He made his clandestine visits to her at irregular intervals, and the government finding this out several years ago, she was exiled to the Isle of Pines, in the Carribean sea, for two years.

Until three years ago he would come to Havana disguised as a fruit or chicken vender, and would even go to the theater. In this way he gained much of his information. For the last three years there has been such a price set on his head that so far as known he has not dared to come, though this is by no means certain.

Galindes, a planter of Matanzas, was the first kidnapped in 1888 and his ransom was twenty thousand dollars in Spanish bank notes, i. e. eight thousand dollars of our greenbacks. Others kidnapped and ransomed were Jose Alentado, Antonio Pedrosa, Antonio Fernando de Castro, etc. The last was de Castro, six months ago, and it required fifteen thousand dollars in gold to release him. If a ransom was persistently refused, he sent word to the friends that if it were not paid by a certain time the prisoner would be killed, and he always kept his word. This last threat, however, almost always brought the money.

He rarely killed any one but his enemies except in self-defence. He was relentless toward his enemies.

At one time Garcia and a large negro named Osma were great friends, so much so that Garcia lodged and fed with Osma at pleasure. Finally Osma sold his secret to the civil guard for a sum, agreeing to pilot them to the hiding place of Garcia and his men. In the fight which ensued Osma killed Garcia's mulatta, Plasencia. The others escaped, but Garcia swore eternal enmity against Osma, and his house has been guarded by the civil guard day and night ever since.

Another family, consisting of father, mother, son, two daughters, a male and a female negro slave, had been in the habit of entertaining him frequently. He came and went as he liked. Finally they became afraid to have him come longer for fear of government apprehension and so secretly informed the civil guard that he would sleep at their house on a certain night so that they might arrest him. Some one of Garcia's numerous spies informed him of the plot and he did not appear. A few days after this he came to this house early in the morning, cut the man's head off, killed the pregnant wife and all the others. This was because they had betrayed him.

Three years ago he went to the railroad station in his native town, Quivican, and demanded money from the agent. On being told there was no money there, he ordered the agent and his wife to get out and then set the building on fire with coal oil.

He probably never killed more than twelve so far as known, and two of these were his own companions whom he suspected of treachery, one of these only the day before he himself was shot.

He might be induced to lessen the amount of tribute exacted from some of his unfortunate victims, but everyone had to pay something even though he must mortgage his property to do so.

Of the money he accumulated in this ill-gotten way he gave liberally to the poor wherever he went so that they loved him and acted as his spies in many cases, while it was only the rich who dreaded him. Instead of terrifying and robbing them, he gave to them and helped. They acted as spies for him voluntarily, and so sure as any danger threatened him they warned him if possible. Even his companions had no knowledge of the system of signals understood between him and his friends. For example, if he and his party were riding along and he came to a pile of brush with a twig sticking up in the top, a tree cut the wrong way, or other like signs, he knew at once that some one was warning him of danger ahead and he at once turned back, but none of his companions knew why.

On account of the recent revolt of the Cubans, Garcia on Sunday, February 24th, announced his determination to abandon his bandit life and become commander in chief of the insurgents. His party, as I have said, consisted of only six, but on Sunday he admitted ten more who claimed to be insurgents desiring to march under his banner. With this understanding he added them to his ranks, and it was one of these that shot him in the back of the head on Monday morning.

Although his mistress was one hundred miles away she heard the news before any one else, showing how prompt and perfect was their mode of communication.

A post-mortem was made and the body buried, when some one secretly conveyed to the authorities the information that it was the bandit, Manuel Garcia.

They exhumed the body and sent for the negro, Osma, his enemy, and Galindas, Alentado and de Castro, whom he had kidnapped, who all identified it as that of Garcia.

They also sent for his mistress, but she refused to come.

The Spanish military of Cuba often boasted that Garcia was afraid to come near them and repeatedly expressed a desire that he might do so. Garcia heard of their boasting and challenging and soon after approached one of their sentinels with the demand that they furnish him with a military escort for ten miles, on the pretext that he carried money and it would not be safe to travel alone. This they promptly did. The next day he wrote them a letter full of defiance and derision, telling them what they had done and advising them to be more modest and to boast less in future.

Garcia was undoubtedly the most daring, courageous and diplomatic of men. His ability was worthy of a better cause.

It is said that Vincente Garcia was killed at the same time. This was very likely the result of a plot to kill both. Vincente was twenty-six years old and had been a bandit since the age of nineteen or twenty.

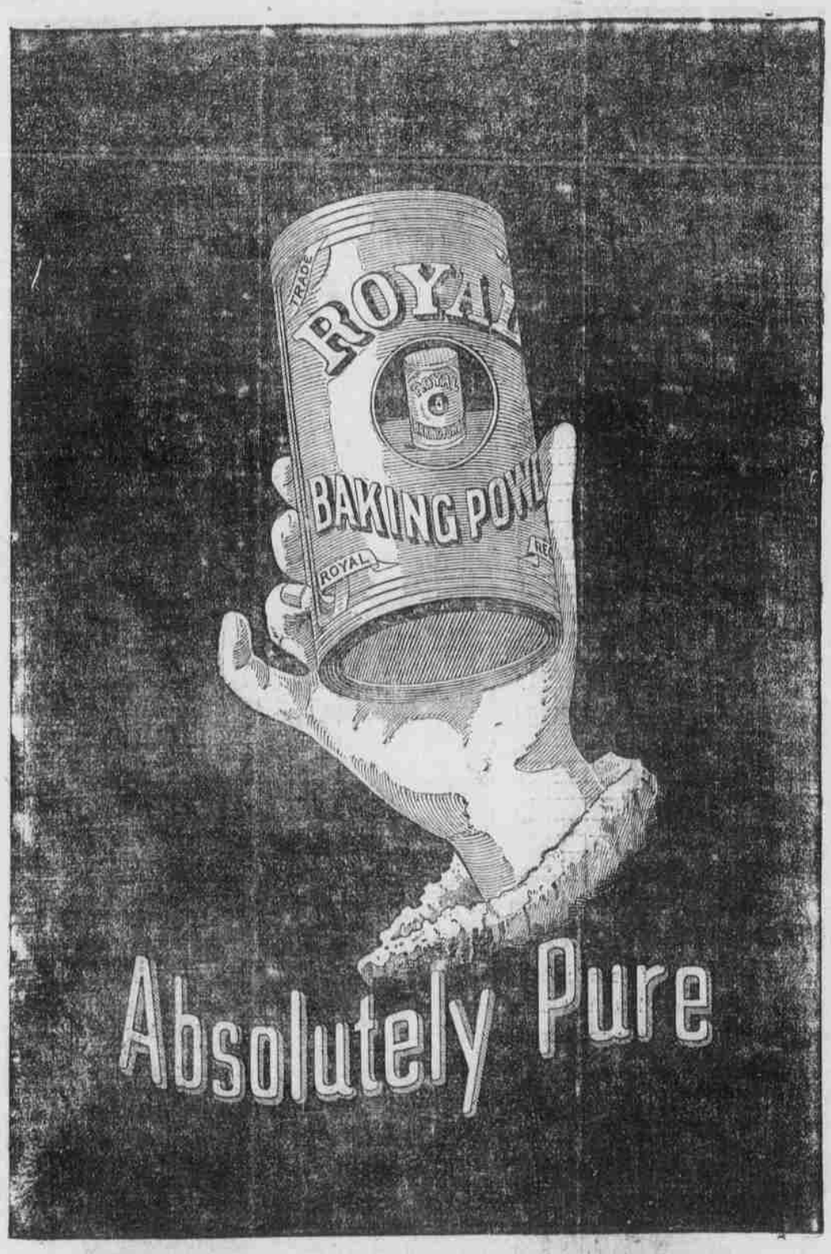
The Folding Bed.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The sea is not without its hazards, but, after all, an ocean steamer is a safer place in which to repose one's self than a folding bed. To be swallowed up by the mighty sea is at least a dignified fate which great and good people have met in all ages, but there is no dignity at all, no decorum, no extenuating circumstances of any sort about being smothered in a folding bed. There is a tinge of contemptuousness in one's very pity for the victims of such a disaster. There is an excuse for being in the upper berth of a sleeping car; the exigencies of travel explain that; but is there any good and valid excuse for being (at home, or in one's own hired flat) in a folding bed? Is the folding bed a legitimate contrivance? A cot is respectable; the simplest iron bedstead is perfectly decent; but the folding bed—is it not a subterfuge, a hypocrisy, an unairable pretence which honest people should blush to look upon, and scorn to be in?

Perhaps it is not all these things. Perhaps cramped quarters justify it. Last month it killed the mother of a family in Brooklyn; it shuts up on folks often enough to make the folding bed accident item one of the most familiar in the newspaper; but it may have friends who have invested money in it, and like it, and are ready to explain that there is as much difference in folding beds as there is in the people who sleep in them, and that not all of them deserve to be condemned.

"I see that the New York prohibitionists have met and passed a long series of resolutions denouncing Mayor Strong for his views on the excise question." "Is that so? Well, I know some prohibitionists who can pass a long series of resolutions easier than they can one saloon."—Texas Siftings.



EXPERIMENT IN SHELLS.

Harvard Crew Will Beat Yale if Try Hard Can Do It.

Davey, the Cambridge boat builder, is busy on an experimental craft for the Harvard class of '97. The boat is being built on lines gotten up by Yacht Designer Bryant of Boston and Coach Watson of Cambridge. She has been christened the Rainbow, and will be ready to wet about April 10th. As soon as the boat is launched the 'varsity crew will be put into her for work in a series of trials, and if she proves to be the "smooth article" expected all hands at Davey's will be put to work on a duplicate for the 'varsity crew to take to New London with them. Harvard is, however, taking no chances, for the new paper shells have already been ordered from Waters.

An expert in racing craft who saw the new boat said the lines from the midship section all the way aft are as full as a working boat, and to knock all racing craft dizzy she has a square stern. She is fifty-eight feet over all, twenty-three inches beam, eight and one-half inches depth amidships, two and one-half inches depth at stern; camber of keel, five inches. It is expected that with a full crew the boat will draw about three and one-half inches of water amidships and the stern is so worked away that it will barely touch the water when the crew is not in action. The boat is cigar-shaped, and differs from the regulation shell from bow to midships by being fuller.

The points that Messrs. Bryant and Watson wish to gain are apparent. When a crew slides up for stroke, the stern of the shell settles deep and retards the onward motion of the boat. The Yale crews in past years have in a measure overcome this by slowing down the slide when on the full reach. There is no doubt about the new boat floating the crew prettily, but the square stern will be watched with great anxiety.

The usual shells run to nothing at the stern, but this one is finishing up after the fashion of a yacht with an overhang. Here are a few of the boat's measurements: Three feet from the bow or stern she measures five and three-eighth inches, ten feet from the bow she measures eleven and seven-eighth inches, and thirteen feet from the bow the measurement is thirteen and one-half inches. Four feet two inches from the stern the measurement is fifteen and seven-eighth inches, and ten feet from the stern ten and one-fourth inches.

The coxswain's seat is ten feet from the sternpost. The racing shell tapers on the gunwale from the midship section, which is usually from twenty-two to twenty-four inches wide to three-eighths of an inch at the sternpost; but the Rainbow, when floated, will look like a practice barge, for she loses but thirteen inches from the midship section to the stern.

A drop rudder about four inches below the keel will probably be used. With a view to making changes in the inboard rigging, Mr. Watson has ordered a set of Meaney seats and slides. The tracks are to be shortened one inch from the usual length. This means that the coach will pay considerable attention to the power applied before the pins.

Dialogues of the Future.—Master—Oh—will you get my boots —Maid—If what? Master—Oh—If you —If you please what? you kindly get me my please, Miss? Maid—Tha I won't!—Pall Mall Budg

Spring Dresses from Paris.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

The first French dresses imported for spring are charmingly light and attractive. They are made of Scotch tweeds, crepons, and new mixtures of silk and wool that will serve not only during the demi-season, but in summer also. In style they have the graceful easy effect now so popular, and which is more easily carried out in light fabrics than in heavier winter stuffs. To give this effect belted waists reappear with drooping fronts, with box pleats, and with yokes, but with novel variations from those now worn. The opening of the round waist is concealed either under the front pleat or the trimming or on the left side, and the lining is fitted by darts and side forms in the usual way. The end of the waist goes inside the belt, which is attached to the skirt, and modistes claim that putting the skirt belt outside permits them to regulate the apparent length of the waist, making it long or short by placing loops on the dress waist to meet hooks inside the skirt belt.

Satin or changeable taffeta silk yokes are on crepon and tweed gowns. Some are very shallow, others reach low on the bust, and many are overlaid with lace vines or ecru embroidery, the vine patterns in rows around, and the appliqué embroidery in lengthwise points. White satin is, according to French taste, not too elegant for the yoke of a light tweed gown, and plain shot taffeta is good enough for that of a crepon waist, as, in fact, they merely form a foundation for the embroidered or lace trimming.

A triple box pleat drooping over the belt remains in favor, and may begin at the throat or below a narrow yoke. The back usually repeats the front in pleats that are not allowed to droop. Sometimes ruffles of doubled silk extend up each side of the pleats, widening toward the shoulders and made very full there. Two box pleats outside of a wide band of embroidery are excellent lengthwise trimmings both in front and back of wool dresses, or of silk as well.

A short circular basque five or six inches deep is now seen with belted and box pleated waists, the basque being sewed to the top of the skirt with the belt which goes on outside the waist. As the skirt fastens in the back, the little basque is open in front and back alike. It is unlined, and is trimmed all around with a border matching the waist trimming.

Mutton-leg sleeves remain in favor, but are more trimmed than they have been. They have lengthwise rows of milliner's folds or lace vines, or straight edged insertions reaching from armhole to elbow, or even to the wrist. Elbow sleeves of a single draped puff are seen again, while others are formed of ruffles all around. A new fancy is that of cutting the sleeves of wool gowns to flare at the wrist and inserting close satin under-sleeves, thus preparing for warm or cold weather, whichever may come.

Didn't Want to Sneeze.

[From Harper's Young People.]

A whimsical old Englishman who died over a century ago left a will in which he stated what he wished done at his funeral. His first request was that sixty of his friends be invited, accompanied by five of the best fiddlers to be found in town. Second, he wished no tears to be shed, but, on the other hand, insisted that sixty friends should be "merry for hours," on penalty of being sent finally, that "no snuff be the premises, lest I have og."

Talks With the Servants.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Perhaps I'd better warn you that the madam will be down here at ten o'clock. That's her hour, and she's not often late. She'll look to have the kitchen quite tidy when she comes. You'll have her chair ready there by the table, the butcher's and grocer's book ready to hand, and beside them the pen and ink. I'll tell you how she manages. It saves trouble all round, and not one penny goes out of this house that she doesn't know all about. She's liberal and free handed, but she won't waste a crumb nor throw away a cent. Down she'll come, and a sharp look all around, I'll warrant you. If anything is wrong or neglected you'll not fail to hear of it—though quite pleasantly if plainly. She'll talk over the day's meals, what's in the house, what's needed, just what is to be cooked for the next luncheon, dinner and breakfast. All that's wanted is written down in the books—exactly the pounds and quantities, with the date attached. Then off she goes; it's all done in five minutes. The butcher's boy and grocer's boy come for the books at half past ten; at eleven the day's supplies are in the house. Once a week the madam herself goes to the markets and takes a look about to see what's in season and to be had. She calls it a waste of time to go herself every day, and she looks to you to see that the meat and fish and vegetables brought are good and fresh, or you are not to accept them. On Monday mornings all her bills are paid. The books come added up; the milkman, iceman and baker leave their accounts too. She has from each a list of their prices, which she keeps for reference, and checks off the books with them. A whole half-hour she gives to these accounts. She can see under each date her own order, and opposite is the price, which should tally with her list of prices. Then she draws checks for each account, tells you beforehand, as well as she can, just what guests are expected, just what meals she will take away from home, so that you may arrange your work comfortably beforehand, and the bulk of the housekeeping for the week is done. Pretty simple for both of you, isn't it?

"Soda? Why, that's the most important thing in the whole kitchen. It just halves your work—only don't let it get into the laundry; it's forbidden there. For example, you put a lump of it in among the dishes when they are to be washed after breakfast. You'll notice, of course, that we have provided one of those nice paper dish-pans for you—that's why cups keep their handles in this kitchen, and why a dozen glasses last more than a week—you don't bang them against zinc or iron. With all the dishes gathered off the kitchen table into this light dish-pan, a lump of soda laid on top, and the hot-water cock turned on full for a minute, just a turn or two of the mop makes things clean and ready for the towel. A lump, or even a pinch, of it in each pot cuts the grease out as if by magic, and with us pot-washing has no terrors. More of it goes into the water with which the table is scrubbed, and is used in the water for mopping the floor, washing the windows, scalding the refrigerator, and before you go to bed at night we always look to have you pour a little hot soda water down the waste-pipe of the sink, for there grease is apt to clog and grow rank, and make disease and bad smells.

"Of course we are enlightened in this house. We don't want you scrubbing all day and every day, so we put an oil-cloth on the floor for you, and we cover the kitchen dinner table with more oil-cloth, and we buy it as it comes from the shop, all scalloped and cut in shelf widths, to cover every one of your shelves, tacking it neatly on, so that shelf and floor and table washing means only a trifle of labor for you."

LANDSCAPES IN FOUR MINUTES.

A Lightning Artist Whose Pictures are Appreciated.

Down in the lower part of Eighth avenue there is a man who has this notice painted in red and black letters on a piece of cloth stretched over the upper part of his shop window:

Lightning artist. Elegant landscapes painted and finished in four minutes. Walk in!

A Sun reporter saw him do even better than he promised. The artist stood in his shirt sleeves in the show window, his easel in front of him, and a packing case containing canvases about twelve by eighteen inches at his side. In his left hand he held his palette and brushes, the latter seemingly better fitted for house-painting purposes than for the delicate work of landscape painting. He had just placed a new canvas on his easel as the Sun man approached.

Taking one of his largest brushes he dipped it into a mound of paint on the palette, and then, with a nervous movement of the hand, covered about a third of the upper part of the canvas, leaving a gray-blue background. Then with another brush of equal size he laid in spots of white. After blending the two colors the effect, with a good imagination, might be construed into a representation of a cloudy sky. To the right side of the canvas he applied a coat of mottled green, picking it out here and there with yellow and red—autumn foliage on the side of a mountain. Standing off a moment to regard his work, he put a few extra touches on the mountain with his thumb. Then with the brush used for the first layer of sky, he filled in the lower part of the canvas with lead-colored paint, most of his strokes here being horizontal. Then he added a bit of high light in the center, and at the back a daub of white indicated a boat, the sail coming dangerously near the trees on the top of the mountain. The presence of the boat explained the scheme in gray paint; it was a placid lake, and when a few streaks of deep blue were laid in around the sides, one was sure of the artist's intention.

The canvas was now completely covered, and to an amateur might have seemed finished, but there was still another matter to be considered. The artist disposed of his brushes, and taking his palette knife, mixed portions of some of the mounds of paint until he produced a pretty colored mass. Taking some of this on the point of the knife he scraped it along the side of the green mountain, near the water. A dusty road was the result. The road appeared rather tip tilted, and not altogether safe for driving, but, no doubt it added interest to the composition.

The picture was now finished, and the artist, leaving it unsigned, handed it to his assistant. He had beaten his record by half a minute.

After seeing a new canvas placed on the easel, and a sunset sky laid on, the Sun reporter walked into the store to see what disposition was made of the finished pictures. The store was filled with women, all of a type—that of the tenement life. They all appeared middle-aged, were gowned in rusty black, and bonneted in the old familiar way one becomes accustomed to at early mass in the Catholic church—a rusty black straw, topped with feathers, which show signs of conflict with much hard weather, and flowers that enjoyed their first artificial bloom several seasons gone by. All were with ungloved hands, red, with blunted finger nails, and the wedding ring on the left hand, always seeming too small for the finger wearing it.

These women were grouped about the artist's assistant, who placed the pictures in cheap white and gold frames and auctioned them off. The bidding was very spirited. Fifty cents was the lowest bid considered, and the picture with the frame thereon was usually knocked down for from one dollar to a dollar and a half, the successful bidder carrying away the prize in her hands, after paying heed to the auctioneer's caution to handle it carefully until it dried. In this manner at least ten were sold inside of as many minutes.—New York Sun.

Shanty-boat People of the Western Rivers.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

Shanty-boating is not necessarily inborn; individuals may drop into and out of it, as with other experiences. A workman in a river bank factory buys or builds a shanty-boat because it is cheaper than paying rent; then, losing his job, he slips away on the current, seeking new work, and almost insensibly sinks into the human drift, until perhaps an equally fortuitous event casts him ashore again; but more often, like the Romany, he has the instinct in his blood, and the shanty-boat people spend their lives moving at random and by impulse, now driving along lashed to a tow pushed by some great snorting steamer, now floating on the current with a square of old sacking for a sail or a pair of sweeps to propel and guide, now beached by the falling river, and left hidden far up in the cottonwoods, like sleeping amphibians on the shore.

For they are not always on the move; while essentially and necessarily in the main a company of rovers, many of them, like the birds, migrate, if at all, only at certain seasons. The favorite time is the late winter, when the ice has disappeared and the highest floods are over, but the waters are still well up on the banks. Then the boatman buys or begs a friendly tow up stream, or drops down with the current until, having found a landing to his taste, he pulls well up to the bank, blocks up under the outer "gunnel" to keep his craft level as the water falls, and "grounds out" contentedly for a shore residence of months or even years.

His boat thus becomes not so much a means of navigation as a dwelling adapted to the peculiar conditions of his environment. As his abode is more fixed, he generally becomes a better citizen and a more substantial one, and with increasing means he surrounds himself by a flotilla where his land-dwelling brother would add rooms or sheds to his building; chicken-coop boats, wood-shed boats, out-house boats, gather around the main craft, are moored to it when the river rises, and float away with it in the migrations.

The Pumelo, Alias the Shaddock, Alias the Grape-Fruit.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Captain Shaddock, of the East India trade, who first brought the Chinese pumelo (Citrus decumana) to Europe, imposed, or had imposed, his name upon this curious importation. This giant orange was the wonder of botanical gardens and conservatories, and taken to the West Indies, flourished as if in its native Cochin China. The tree was a valued ornament, but its fruit so coarse and tasteless that it was only a curiosity, a showy trophy for fairs and exhibitions.

After its introduction to Florida, citrus-growers experimented with it, and by careful growing and cultivation secured for the transplanted pumelo qualities that render it in some ways almost superior to its Asiatic archetype. The once dry and despised curio is now a delicious and valuable table fruit, and it is esteemed also for tonic and alterative qualities that make it almost a necessary at this time of the year. It came slowly into market and into favor, but had great vogue and a sudden bound to popularity at the time of the first epidemic of the grippe, when fruit-venders labelled it and physicians recommended it as an excellent fruit for grippe convalescents. Many other notions ran wild for a brief while, but the pumelo has remained fast fixed in the routine of luxurious living. Whether its particular kind of citric acid is deadly to the bacilli of the grippe or not, the pumelo is seriously extolled as a beneficent spring tonic, the regular use of it claimed to be as sovereign as a course of mineral waters, or with druggists' bottles and medicine-spoons, bracing the system as much as quinine, and counteracting bilious and malarial tendencies.

The Florida pumelo-growers seem not to have attempted to increase the size of the fruit, but to improve its flavor and get a finer texture, a more compact and juicy pulp. The thinner rind and inner membrane made it almost a different fruit, and necessitate its being differently prepared for and served at the table in this country. It is a most refreshing breakfast fruit, and, taken for its best effects, should be eaten without sugar the first thing at that meal. Fashion orders it as the seasonable relish before the soup at either luncheon or dinner, and it may be served as a sorbet, a salad, or as a dessert as well.

The more manageable size of the Florida pumelo allows half a fruit as a sufficient portion for each guest. The smooth yellow globe should be cut across at its equator-line, the seeds removed, and a space an inch in diameter cut away with scissors in the heart of the juicy hemisphere. If sugar be sprinkled on the halves and let stand a half-hour this central reservoir will be filled with clear amber juice. As the juice so often precedes the spoon like dashing spray, some housekeepers have all the pulp removed with a sharp knife, the partitions cut away, and the pulp put back in the cup of rind. A teaspoonful of rum or sherry is often added when the pumelos are served at dinner or luncheon, but for a before-breakfast tonic only the least sugar should be allowed. For pumelo salad the pulp is cut out in as large bits as possible and tossed with a plain French dressing of oil, vinegar and salt. Real lovers of the fruit will admit that the pumleo is all right after one has swallowed the condiments and come to the pulp itself.

Well-iced pumelo dressed with sugar and rum passes as a sorbet between the roast and game of a dinner; or pumelo pulp and Malaga grapes broken and seeded are dressed with sugar and rum, half frozen, and served in regular punch glasses.

But, however we serve this delicious fruit, let it at least be dignified by either one of its rightful names—let the pumelo be the pumelo, or at the utmost the decumana, and let Captains Brown, Smith and Shaddock and the Florida planters remember "what's in a name."

A Model Housekeeper.

The oyster is a particularly cleanly creature so far as his own person is concerned. His notions of housekeeping, however, are not such as would be likely to commend him to the favor of a New England housewife. He does not like dirt, but his way of cleaning house is to paint the dirt over instead of sweeping it out. However, he is not to blame for that. He does the best he can to keep clean with the resources at command.

An illustration of this method, which is rather remarkable, may be seen at some of the oyster counters just now. It is found particularly in Rockaway oysters. In the hollow of the shells in many instances are dark blotches the size of a finger nail, which look not unlike a blood blister. These spots seem to be a decoloration in the shell. The nacreous surface is unbroken over them, though the dark and blue places bulge slightly above the surrounding white shell. Touch these spots with a fork and they are easily broken into, showing a layer of shell, of tissue paper thinness covering small masses of mud, which may be scraped away until, beneath, the ordinary white oyster shell is reached.

The explanation of this phenomena is found in the weather of the last winter. There was a great storm off the south shore of Long Island, which destroyed many of the Rockaway oyster beds by filling them in with mud until the oysters were smothered and by tearing the creatures from their fastenings. Many other beds which were not destroyed were somewhat disturbed by the waves. That is the trouble with some of the Rockaways seen now in the market. The mud forced itself into their mouths and between the shell and their delicate membranes. If there is anything an oyster dislikes it is sand and grit irritating his tender skin. It makes him feel as badly as a man does with a cinder under his eyelid. He is utterly unable to eject the troublesome substance, so he builds over it a smooth layer of shell, and if left long enough undisturbed he will have buried it beyond sight in the wall of his house. The mishap of last season is too recent for him to have done that, so he is found with the mud just covered with a coating of nacreous paint.

His method in this case is exactly the same as that followed by him in making a pearl. A bit of sand gets in the folds of his body where he cannot get it out and he covers it with an ever thickening layer of nacre that it may not cut and annoy him. If it is not in contact with the shell it is found in a spherical body; if it touches the shell it is gradually covered in with its growth and is so rendered harmless.—New York Tribune.